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MARVEL® COMICS GROUP



BLADE RUNNER

THE OFFICIAL COMICS
ADAPTATION OF THE NEW
SCIENCE FICTION THRILLER
STARRING HARRISON FORD!



A
COMIC ART
CLASSIC BY
ARCHIE GOODWIN,
AL WILLIAMSON,
AND CARLOS
GARZON!

STAN LEE PRESENTS: A MARVEL MOVIE SPECIAL

THE OFFICIAL COMICS ADAPTATION OF THE HIT FILM!

BLADE RUNNER

THE CITY IS VAST. ITS LEVELS DEEP. ITS TOWERS ARE TALL; MONUMENTS OF STONE AND GLASS THRUSTING OUT OF PERPETUAL SMOG AND MIST RIVALED ONLY BY EXPLODING PLUMES OF INDUSTRIAL FIRE.

AND FEW TOWERS STAND TALLER OR LOOM MORE MONUMENTALLY THAN THE MASSIVE PYRAMID WHICH HOUSES THE TYRELL CORPORATION.



Adapted by ARCHIE GOODWIN
Penolled by AL WILLIAMSON and CARLOS GARZON
Inked by AL WILLIAMSON, CARLOS GARZON,
DAN GREEN and RALPH REESE
Colored by MARIE SEVERIN Lettered by ED KING
Edited by JIM SALICRUP
Editor-in-Chief JIM SHOOTER

JERRY PERENCHIO AND BUD YORKIN PRESENT
SCREENPLAY BY HAMPTON FANCHER AND DAVID PEOPLES
EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS BRIAN KELLY AND HAMPTON FANCHER
PRODUCED BY MICHAEL DEELEY DIRECTED BY RIDLEY SCOTT

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THE ROOM IS LARGE AND HUMID. SINCE TAKING HIS PLACE THERE, THE BIG MAN IN THE WORK CLOTHES HAS GROWN INCREASINGLY UNCOMFORTABLE. AGITATED. HIS INTERROGATOR COOLLY STUDIES THE DIALS ON THE COMPACT MACHINE BETWEEN THEM. MEASURING. SEARCHING.





THE BIG MAN MOVES TOWARD THE DOOR, THEN STOPS, AND WITH A LITTLE SMILE OF SATISFACTION...

...TURNS AND FIRES AGAIN.



LEON DEPARTS, LEAVING BEHIND HIM DESTRUCTION...AND A SMALL MACHINE WITH THE TRADE NAME VOIGHT-KAMPEE...

...WHOSE SOLITARY, EYE-LIKE LIGHT GOES RIGHT ON STEADILY BLINKING. BLINKING. BLINKING.

That's how it ended for Holden. It began for me on the streets with the usual rain, the usual crowds. And the loudspeaker blare of a recruiting blimp somewhere above.

SUPERVISORY PERSONNEL! FAMILY MAKERS! WE NEED YOU! THE DOMINGUEZ-SHIMATA COLONY NEEDS YOU!

GIVE YOURSELF A BRAND NEW WORLD! IF YOU MEET HEALTH AND EXPERIENCE QUALIFICATIONS FOR OFFWORLD EMIGRATION...WE NEED YOU!

Offworld is so great...How come they gotta advertise? Still, it gives people a CHOICE. Sometimes you don't have any at all.

I ORDERED FOUR PIECES OF FISH YOU OLD NOODLE HUSTLER. YOU ONLY GAVE ME TWO! TWO!

THAT RIGHT, THAT RIGHT, DECKARD. YOU GOT TWO.

YEAH. SURE. THAT'S RIGHT. I GOT TWO.

YOU WILL BE REQUIRED TO ACCOMPANY ME, SIR.



TELL HIM I'M EATING.
TELL HIM HE'S GOT
THE **WRONG GUY**.

WRONG GUY, MY
FANNY! THERE'S
ONLY **ONE**
BOOGEYMAN!

YOU WERE A **BLADE RUNNER**
IN FOUR SECTOR! AFTER
THE SLAUGHTER OF THE
STEEL SHOP THEY CALLED
YOU **MISTER NIGHTTIME**.



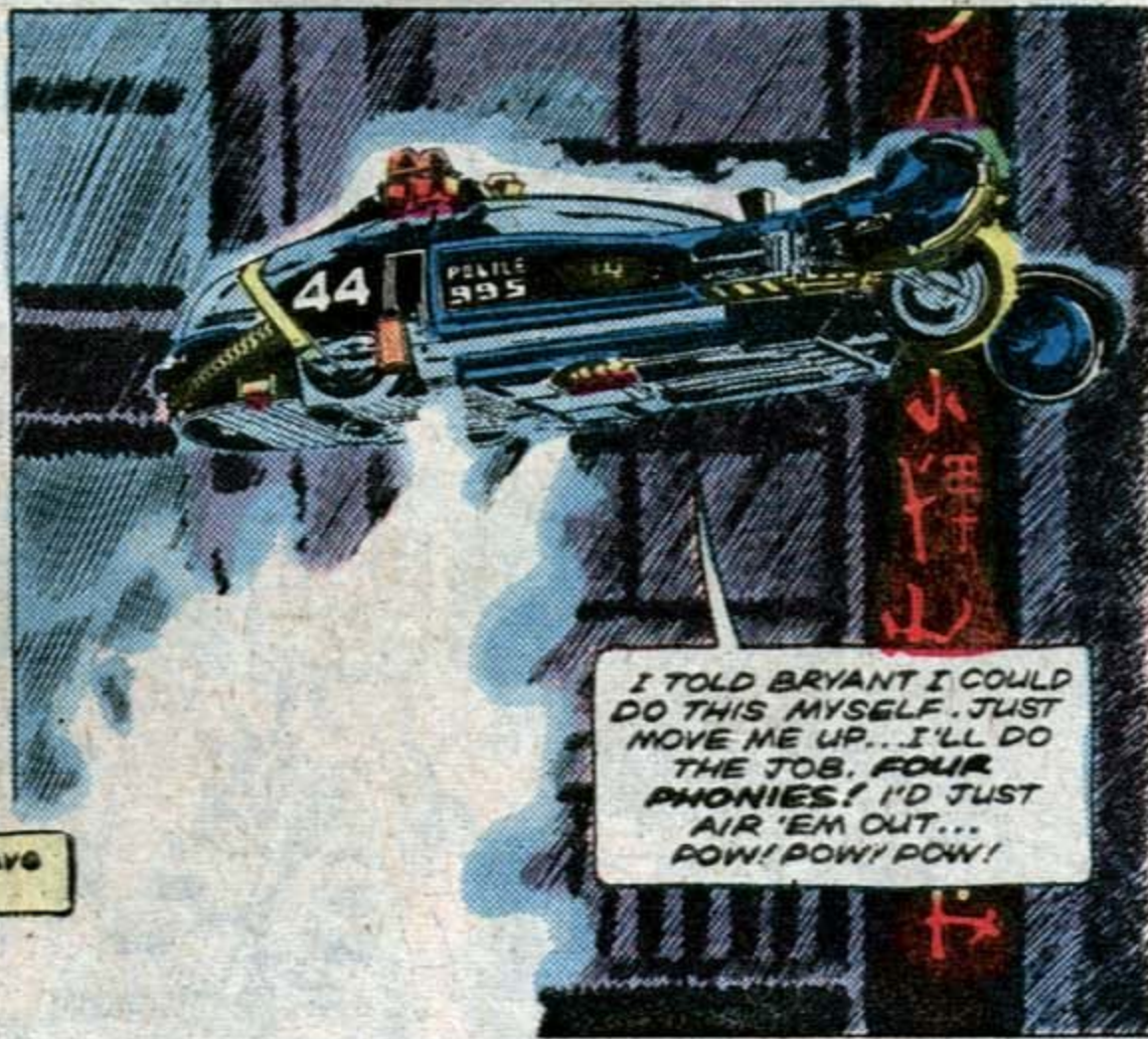
CAPTAIN **BRYANT**
ORDERED ME TO
BRING YOU IN EVEN
IF I HAVE TO SERVE
YOU LIKE **SUSHI**!

HE SAY **BLADE RUNNER**. HE SAY
MISTAH NIGHTTIME. HE SAY BIG
BOSS **BRYANT** SAY "BREAK YOUR
BRAIN... MAKE YOU RAW FISH!"

YEAH. I THINK
I GOT THAT PART.
BRYANT, HUH?



Like I said, sometimes you don't have
ANY choice at all.



I TOLD **BRYANT** I COULD
DO THIS MYSELF. JUST
MOVE ME UP... I'LL DO
THE JOB. **FOUR**
PHONIES! I'D JUST
AIR 'EM OUT...
POW! POW! POW!



BUT NO...! BRYANT THINKS YOU'RE HOT STUFF, SMARTEST SPOTTER...BADDEST BLADE RUNNER. WELL, YOU DON'T LOOK SO HOT TO ME.



YOU DON'T SHAVE...YOU DON'T DRESS WELL. THAT REFLECTS ON THE WHOLE DEPARTMENT... MAKES US ALL LOOK BAD.

THE SKIN JOBS LOOK BETTER THAN YOU, DECKARD! WHAT'S THE POINT OF WIPING 'EM OUT IF THEY LOOK BETTER THAN ENFORCEMENT?

PRETTY SOON THE PUBLIC WILL WANT SKIN JOBS FOR ENFORCEMENT! I GUESS YOU'D PREFER THAT, HUH? THAT WHY YOU QUIT?



PAL, I DON'T UNDERSTAND A WORD YOU'RE SAYING.



EXACTLY! WATTA JERK! IF I WASN'T UP FOR PROMOTION I'D PUT THIS BABY IN A HOT SPIN AND LEAVE YOUR DINNER ALL OVER THE GLASS!

I just shrug and keep eating my noodles and fish, watching the city flash by below. Somebody would start speaking my language soon enough... at police headquarters.

NO NEED TO PUT YOURSELF OUT. I THINK I *KNOW* MY WAY FROM HERE.



My friend the clotheshorse didn't rise to being baited or even break stride...

"...not until we were in the office of the man who was his boss...and used to be **MINE**."

DON'T **GLARE**, DECK. YOU WOULDN'T HAVE COME IF I'D JUST **ASKED**... SO I SENT **GAFF** FOR YOU.

GOTTA BUNCH OF **SAYN JOBS** WALKIN' THE STREETS...HIJACKED AN OFFWORLD SHUTTLE TO HERE,KILLED ITS CREW AN' PASSENGERS.



EMBARRASSING.

HOLDEN'S GOOD. GIVE IT TO HIM.

I DID. HE'S NO GOOD NOW...FOR **ANYTHING**. THIS IS THE WORST **EVER** DECK, I NEED THE OL' **BLADE RUNNER**... I NEED YOUR **MAGIC**.



"Officially there's two kinds of clowns in this circus: little smart guys with computers, big dumb guys with guns. But when a bureau wants to avoid a politically sticky job or jeopardizing their own men...they bring in somebody from outside. Somebody like **ME**."

I WAS **QUIT** WHEN I WALKED IN HERE, BRYANT... I'M **TWICE** AS **QUIT** NOW. SEE YA!

SIT **DOWN**, DECKARD! LITTLE PEOPLE DON'T WALK OUT...AND WHEN YOU'RE NOT A COP, YOU'RE **LITTLE PEOPLE**. YOU KNOW THE SCORE!



"He was right. I knew the score. I'd known it for a long time. I just got confused for a moment and thought I had a **CHOICE** when I didn't."

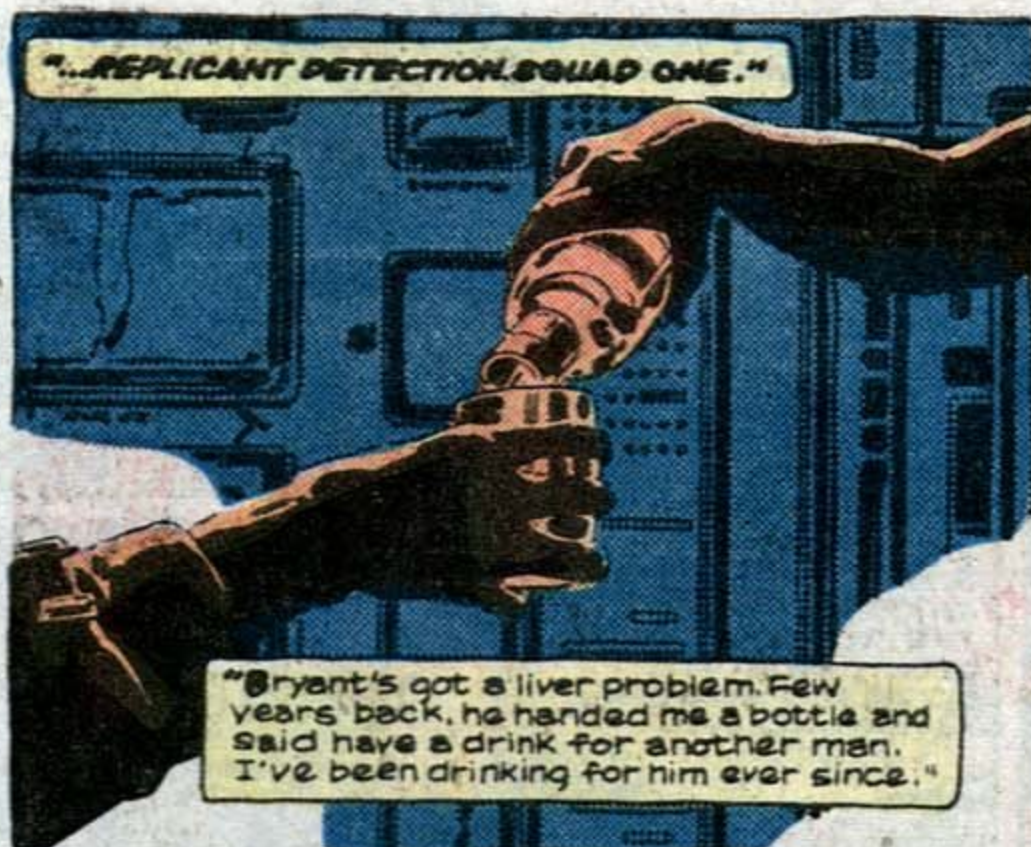
"At least my new pal, Gaff, kept his mouth shut..."

"Maybe he was too busy just staring, taking it all in. And almost unconsciously twisting a piece of foil into a little sculpture."



"Well, I was gonna be busy too. They couldn't hire me so they **ARRESTED** me. But it came out the same. I was **WORKING** for them again..."





"...REPLICANT DETECTION SQUAD ONE."

"Bryant's got a liver problem. Few years back, he handed me a bottle and said have a drink for another man. I've been drinking for him ever since."



"And with what was coming over the monitors from the tapes Bryant showed...I definitely **NEEDED** a drink."

"The big incentive to emigrate was still free labor. If the public found out their replicant labor force might **KILL** them...they wouldn't be so keen on offworld colonization."



"Replicant androids **I-X-Q-P-D**; referred to as the **NEXUS SIX**. The Tyrell Corporation's new pride and joy. According to Bryant, **FIVE** of 'em jumped that shuttle."

"...KILLED 23 PEOPLE IN ALL. BUT THREE NIGHTS AGO, **ONE** OF 'EM GOT FRIED IN AN ELECTRO-FIELD... THEY WERE TRYING TO BREAK INTO TYRELL'S."

WHAT ABOUT THE OTHERS?

LOST 'EM/ GOIN' ON THE POSSIBILITY THAT THEY MIGHT TRY TO **INFILTRATE** THE CORPORATION AS NEW EMPLOYEES...WE SENT **HOLDEN** TO RUN VOIGHT-KAMPFF TESTS ON NEW WORKERS.

LOOKS LIKE WE WERE **RIGHT** OF COURSE, THAT'S JUST THE **GOOD NEWS**...

"When four skin jobs-- possibly able to fool the Voight-Kampff, judging from what happened to Holden--still running around loose are **GOOD** news, don't ask what the **BAD** is. Bryant told me anyway..."



"The bad news was **ROY GATTY**. A work of art. Combat model. Crowning achievement of the free enterprise system."

"THE ULTIMATE WARRIOR."

"They used Roy Batty in every offworld conflict in the last three years. He'd flown gypsy ships with the Russians at Tannhauser Gate and been with the squadron of Night-Timers in the wars near Jupiter."

"He could handle 1200 degrees farenheit in the Plutonium Furnaces on the Argentine Moons. He'd done deep space probes at 800 below with only a cowboy suit."

AND HE'S PROBABLY THE **LEADER** OF THIS BUNCH YOU'RE AFTER, DECK.

MAYBE TO FIND OUT **WHEN** THEY WERE MADE.

THE NEXUS SIX COPIES HUMAN BEINGS ALMOST PERFECTLY...INSIDE AND OUT. AFTER A FEW YEARS, THE DESIGNERS FIGURE, THEY MAY EVEN DEVELOP THEIR OWN **EMOTIONAL RESPONSE**. HATE. LOVE. ANGER. FEAR.

SO THEY BUILT IN A **FAIL SAFE DEVICE**...THE NEXUS SIX ONLY HAS **FOUR YEARS** TO LIVE!

BUT WHY LEAD THEM BACK TO THE PLACE OF THEIR **MANUFACTURE**?

"THE **NEXUS THREE** had been too smooth, too human, if you like. I **QUIT** because of it. Retired. Now I'm back on the job and, thanks to the Tyrell Corporation and good ol' supply and demand, we got the Nexus **SIX**."

"An' I got four of 'em all to **MYSELF**. Two female. Two male. An' best yet...one is **ROY BATTY**, super soldier."

"The pressure was on. With twenty-three people dead, we couldn't sit back and wait for Batty and company to keel over on their own. Too much was at stake. Replicants were big industry..."

"...and **TYRELL** was top of the line."



"Making 'em more human than human was his claim to fame. Now some fanatics were screaming they should have **EQUAL RIGHTS** and the trade unions complained about them taking jobs from **PEOPLE**. But the big boys, the heavy opinion makers, from politicians to theologians, said no matter how **CLOSE** they came..."

"...they were still **OBJECTS**. I was inclined to disagree... otherwise I wouldn't have quit."

LIKE OUR OWL?



"Why not? In a world where real animals are rarer than a breath of unpolluted air, it was impressive. But then... **EVERYTHING** about the Tyrell Corporation seemed to be..."

WE GATHER YOUR DEPARTMENT DOESN'T BELIEVE OUR **NEW UNIT** IS TO THE PUBLIC BENEFIT.

REPLICANTS ARE LIKE ANY OTHER MACHINE. THEY CAN BE A BENEFIT OR A HAZARD. IF THEY'RE A BENEFIT, IT'S NOT MY PROBLEM.

MAY I ASK A PERSONAL QUESTION...? HAVE YOU EVER RETIRED A **HUMAN** BY MISTAKE?

"Of course, I told her **NO**..."

"...but we both noticed I **HESITATED** a little and before either of us could pursue it, we were joined by the **MAN** himself... **DR. ELDON TYRELL**."

THIS VOIGHT-KAMPEF TEST, MR. DECKARD... BEFORE WE TRY IT ON MY **PROTOTYPE**, I'D LIKE TO SEE IT WORK ON A **PERSON**.

WHAT'S
THAT
GONNA
PROVE?

INDULGE ME, DECKARD.
I WANT TO SEE A
NEGATIVE BEFORE I
PROVIDE YOU WITH A
POSITIVE.

TRY IT
ON **RACHEL**
HERE.

"We darkened the place. I set up. Basically, the Voight-Kampff's an empathy test. Blush response, involuntary dilation of the iris, that kinda thing."

"And I'm supposed to be the **BEST**
at askin' the right questions to
trigger the
right responses..."

"Only I had no instinct on
her... no magic. I couldn't
believe what I was
reading."

"This lady, Rachel, gave
me cold chills."

"And after more than a
HUNDRED questions..."

"...I wanted to talk with Tyrell in private."

I'M IMPRESSED, MR.
DECKARD... THOUGH IT
TOOK FAR MORE
QUESTIONS THAN
NORMAL TO LEARN
THE **TRUTH**, DIDN'T
IT?

SHE
REALLY
DOESN'T
KNOW
WHO SHE
IS...?

SHE ONLY
SUSPECTS **NOW**,
I THINK. YOU SEE,
THERE'S THIS STRANGE
OBSESSION WE'VE
RECOGNIZED IN THEM...
THEY **WANT** MEMORIES.



"Bryant had GAFF join me. Guess he expected trouble. Or maybe the department's new boy wonder just needed a quiet spot to practice his foil sculptures. At any rate...

"...what we found was an empty room. Obviously neither Leon nor his friends had been back...

"Not that there was much to leave behind. A few clothes still neatly hung in the wardrobe..."

"a pretty ordinary batch of SNAPSHOTS stuck in one pocket..."

"...and a few flecks of something I couldn't identify on the floor near the dresser. Just after tucking 'em in my wallet, I got a feeling..."

"...the ol' MAGIC as Bryant calls it. It brought me to the window."

"There wasn't much to see below. Damp streets. Reflected lights. And shadowed doorways that might hide anything."

LATER, THE DISTURBED WATCHER FROM THE SHADOWS MOVES ON A NEW STREET TOWARD THE BANKS OF VIDEO-PHONES...



...AND ANOTHER WHO
WAITS FOR HIM.

DID YOU
GET YOUR
PRECIOUS
PHOTOS?

SOMEBODY
WAS
THERE.

OF COURSE, THE POLICE
FORGET THOSE PICTURES,
LEON. WE'RE GOING TO
FIND A MORE
PRACTICAL ASPECT
OF OUR PAST.



SUB-ZERO COLD FILLS THE LABORATORY OF
HANNIBAL CHEW. IT IS A LABOR CONDITION
THE ANCIENT ORIENTAL HAS ACCEPTED OVER
THE YEARS, AND EVEN COME TO APPRECIATE. HE
IS SELDOM DISTURBED BY VISITORS, BIDDEN...



...OR OTHERWISE,

HOW
YOU GET IN
HERE? BUSY!
BUSY! YOU GO
AWAY. MAKE AN
APPOINTMENT.

WE HAVE QUESTIONS,
MR. CHEW, AND NOT A
GREAT DEAL OF TIME.
QUESTIONS ABOUT
THE DESIGN OF THE
NEXUS SIX.

NO. NO.
COLD! COLD!
GO
AWAY!

ROY BATTY'S RESPONSE IS A
SMILE MORE ICY THAN THE
ROOM THEY STAND IN...

...AND WITHOUT FEELING OR CONCERN, HE PLUNGES HIS HAND INTO A TANK OF FREEZING LIQUID TO WITHDRAW WHAT FLOATS THERE.

YOU REPLICANT!
ILLEGAL! NOT BELONG
HERE! YOU BELONG
OTHER WORLDS...
UP THERE!



FIERY THE ANGELS FELL...AND AS THEY FELL
DEEP THUNDER ROLLED AROUND THEIR SHORES,
INDIGNANT...
BURNING WITH THE FIRES OF ORC.

LEON...

HANNIBAL CHEW TRIES TO TURN A FUTILE
GESTURE AGAINST THE SPEED OF THE
BIG MAN'S HANDS.

...AS THEY STRIP
AWAY HIS LIFE
SUPPORT SYSTEM!

QUESTIONS. THE NEXUS
SIX...LONGEVITY. MORPH-
OLOGY. USE LIFE INCEPT
DATES.

PLEASE!
THE C-COLD...!

DON'T
KNOW THAT
STUFF. JUST
EYES...JUST
NEXUS
EYES.



AH, CHEW.
IF ONLY YOU
COULD SEE
THE THINGS
I'VE SEEN WITH
YOUR EYES.

QUESTIONS!



GIMME
COAT...PLEASE...!
ONLY BIG GENIUS...
TYRELL...KNOWS
ANSWERS.
C-COAT...
P-PLEASE!

NOT AN
EASY MAN TO
VISIT, TYRELL.
SECURITY
AND ALL
THAT.

S-S-SEBASTIAN TAKE
YOU... J.F. SEBASTIAN...!
P-PLEASE...

ROY BATTY HAS SEVERAL MORE
QUESTIONS. NONE GO UNANSWERED.





"To round out a perfect day, it was pouring rain by the time I checked in Gaff and the police spinner and drove home in my own car."

"My mind was on having a drink and drying off..."

"...or maybe I'd have tumbled **BEFORE** reaching my floor that the elevator's shadows hid a **SECOND** passenger."

ALL RIGHT!
WHO?



I...I'M SORRY.



"Sorry! She didn't know how **CLOSE** it had been. Or maybe she was too desperate to care. Obviously, Tyrell wouldn't see her, so she'd come to me. I didn't like it, still...I didn't stop her from following me inside."

YOU THINK I'M A **REPLICANT**, DON'T YOU? BUT I WANT YOU TO **LOOK**...I'VE BROUGHT A **PHOTO** OF ME AND MY PARENTS, AND I REMEMBER--

EXPLORING AN EMPTY BUILDING WITH YOUR BROTHER WHEN YOU WERE SIX... THE SPIDER WEB ON THE BUSH OUTSIDE YOUR WINDOW...

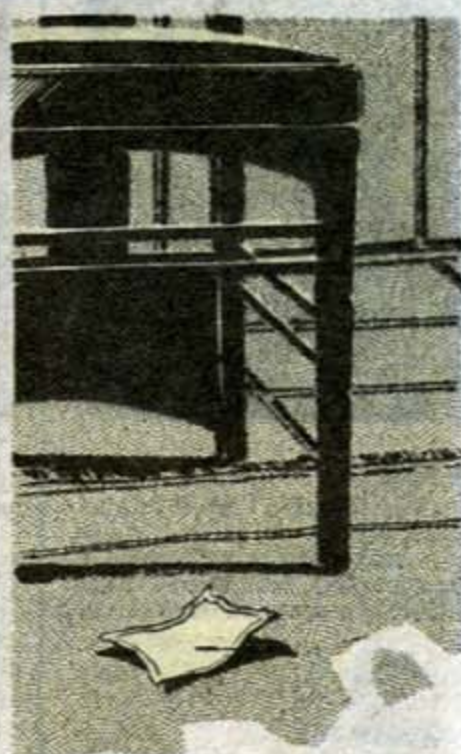


Y-YES...BUT HOW CAN YOU--?

IMPLANTS, RACHEL. TYRELL'S VERY **PROUD** OF THEM. RAN SOME ON A SCANNER FOR ME.

N-NO... I DON'T... BELIEVE...

RIGHT. I MADE IT ALL UP. YOU'RE NOT A **REPLICANT**...IT WAS JUST A NASTY JOKE. FORGET IT. HAVE A DRINK.



"By the time I dug out a second clean glass, she was gone. Nothing to show she'd ever been there..."

"...except a crumpled photograph dropped to the floor."

LIKE MANY STRUCTURES IN THE AREA, THE BUILDING APPEARS ABANDONED. YET, AS A STREET CLEANER GRINDS BY, ANOTHER VEHICLE HALTS IN FRONT OF IT. AND THE FIGURE THAT STEPS OUT DOES SO WITH THE WEARY FAMILIARITY OF A MAN RETURNING HOME.



HIS NAME IS J.F. SEBASTIAN AND THERE ARE FEW SURPRISES IN HIS LIFE...



...UNTIL TONIGHT.

HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING... HIDING THERE IN ALL THAT RUBBISH?!

S-SORRY...! I WAS LOST... NEEDED SOME PLACE DRY... WARM.

SCARED EACH OTHER PRETTY GOOD, DIDN'T WE...? YOU LOOK HUNGRY... I'VE GOT STUFF INSIDE... IF YOU WANNA COME IN...

I... I WAS HOPING YOU'D SAY THAT.



DEALING WITH PEOPLE IS DIFFICULT FOR J.F. SEBASTIAN. BUT THIS GIRL-- PRIS SHE CALLS HERSELF-- HOMELESS, SEEMINGLY SHYER THAN HE IS. SOMEHOW MAKES IT EASY, NATURAL.

YOU LIVE IN THIS BUILDING ALL BY YOURSELF?

YEAH. PRETTY MUCH. NO HOUSING SHORTAGE AROUND HERE... PLENTY OF ROOM FOR EVERYONE.



AN ANCIENT CLANKING ELEVATOR
CARRIES THEM UPWARD, AND
OFF A CRUMBLING CORRIDOR.

YOOHOO...
HOME!
HOME AGAIN!

I
THOUGHT
YOU SAID...

HOME AGAIN...HOME
AGAIN! JIGADDY JIG!

GOOD
EVENING
J.F.!

THESE ARE MY...
FRIENDS, PRIS, KAISER
AND BEAR. TOYS,
REALLY...I'VE MORE
INSIDE.

HE FEELS HER STUDYING HIM IN THE LIGHT...AND KNOWS
WHAT SHE'S GOING TO SAY.

Y-YOU'RE
NOT AS OLD
AS...YOU
LOOK.
WHAT...?

METHUSELAH SYNDROME.

I'M TWENTY, PRIS, MY GLANDS...THEY AGE TOO FAST.
THAT'S WHY I'M STILL HERE...I COULDN'T PASS THE
EMIGRATION TEST.

J.F.... I LIKE
YOU JUST THE
WAY YOU ARE.

"Machines can be helpful some-
times. They can also be a BIG
PAIN. Take my ESPER...I'd spent
the evening letting it three-
dimensionally enhance and
examine the set of snapshots
I took from Leon's hotel room.
So far all it revealed was that
that room's wardrobe had once
had a SEQUINED DRESS hanging
in it... And that neither Leon
nor Roy Batty was the type to
WEAR one. REAL helpful."

"I don't know why a replicant would collect photos. Probably like Tyrell said, they
NEED memories. I couldn't figure any of it. But maybe my mind wasn't on Leon's stuff.
Maybe it was on ANOTHER photo...the one RACHEL left earlier. On that and the
fact that when I uncrumpled it, her PHONE NUMBER was on the back. Interesting.
But nothing that would help detection and retirement...so I decided I was hungry."

"And along with my usual order at the noodle-bar...I got some **LUCK**."



FISH HEADS!

HEY! HANDS AWAY FROM MY DINNER!

"It wasn't the **HEADS** that interested me, but what was **ON** them."



SCALES... FISH SCALES!

WHAT DID YOU EXPECT FROM FISH HEADS, DIM BULB... **ELEPHANT LINT?**

"Maybe Leon's photos were a deadend, but it looked like I **HAD** those unidentified flecks from the floor of his hotel room. Since, outside of Eldon Tyrell very few people can afford the **REAL** thing... My next stop was **ANIMAL ROW**."



WELL...? THE SCOPE TELL YOU ANYTHING ABOUT 'EM?

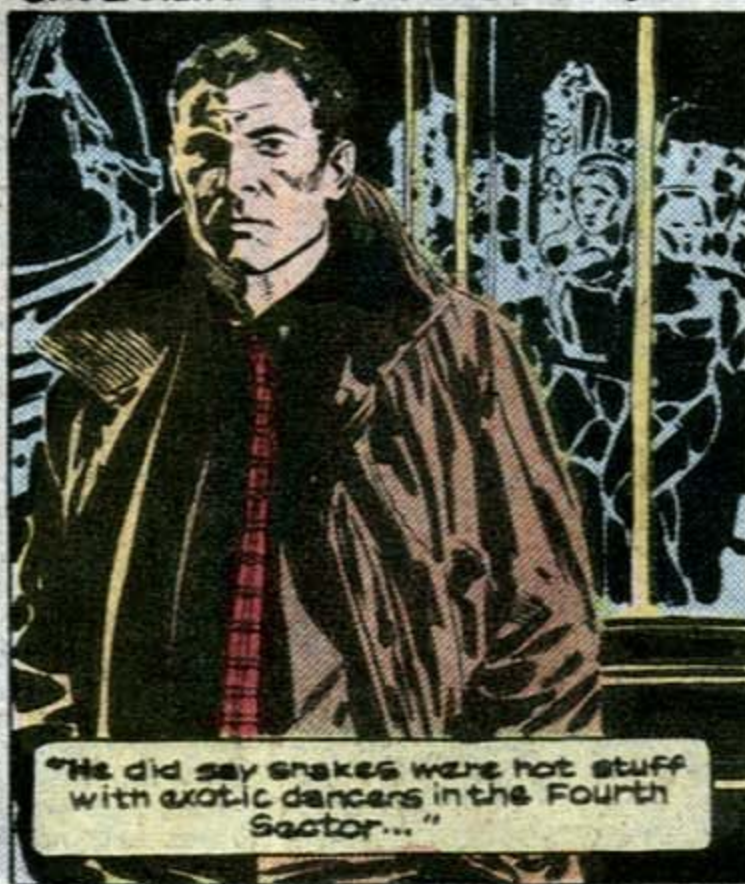
YE-ES! GENUINE ARTIFICIAL MANUFACTURE. FINEST QUALITY. PERFECT WORKMANSHIP ONLY...

"...not **FISH**," the old lady said, "**SNAKE!**" which brought me to the **EGYPTIAN**."

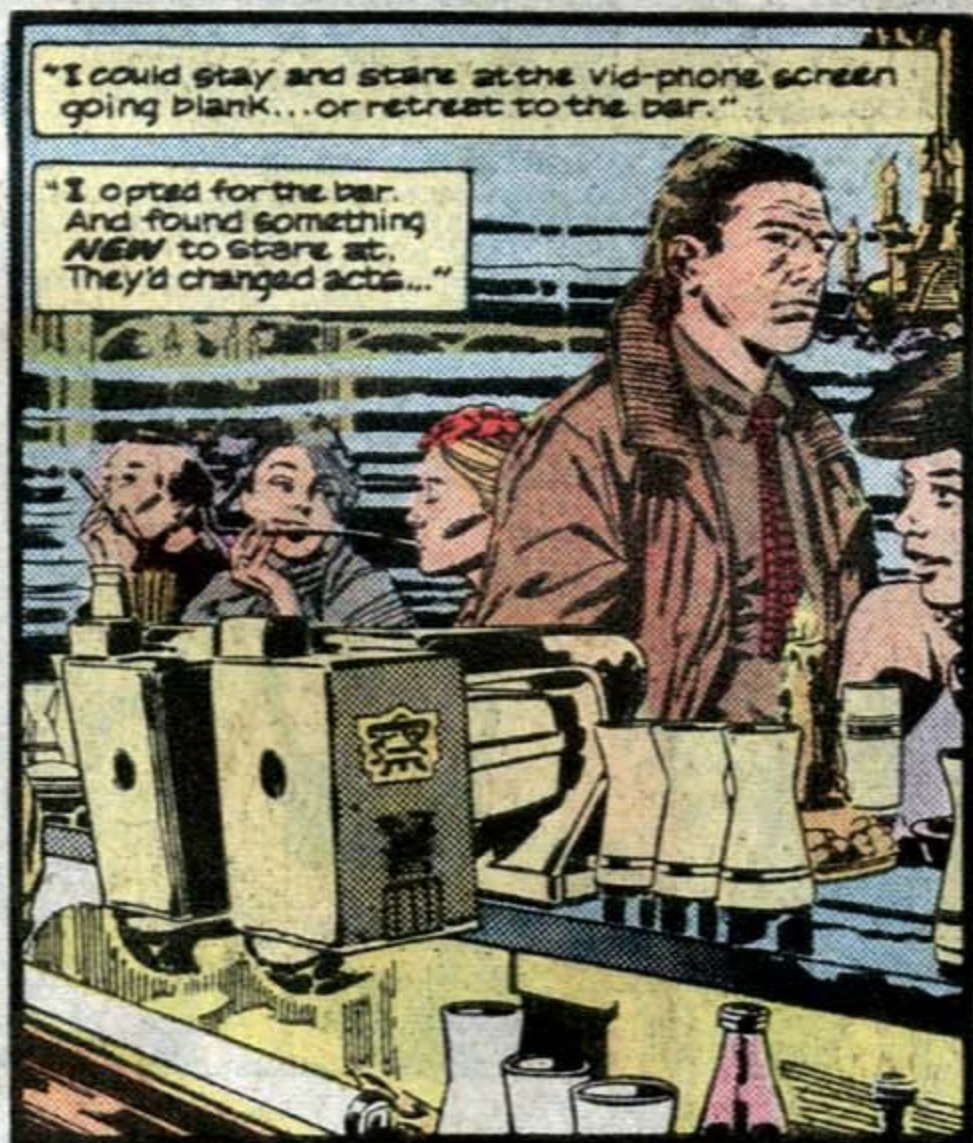
"He didn't deny **MAKING** it, but he claimed he couldn't remember who he **SOLD** it to..."



"After I intensified my questioning and he **STILL** didn't remember...I **BELIEVED** him."



"He did say snakes were hot stuff with exotic dancers in the Fourth Sector..."



"She was a big woman. So was one of the reps, Zhora, on the tapes Bryant showed me. But the resemblance seemed to **END** there. Still, I felt there was **SOMETHING**... And went with it."



"This way she looked even **LESS** like my replicant. I'd have to have the Esper compare sequins from **THIS** dress with the one it spotted in Leon's photos."



"Guess the lady had a soft spot for machines. Because as I took the towel... She suddenly saved my Esper a lot of wear and tear."

"She was **ZHORA**, all right. New hair color and whatever not withstanding."



"...but she was more interested in getting out before the noise brought someone else than in finishing me."



"That **SAVED** me. Only instead of just layin' there and bair' grateful, I bit my lip, ignored all my body's objections, and went **AFTER** her."



"She didn't have too much of a start. I figured the rains, crowds and traffic would slow her down."



MURKIN
"And maybe they did. With a **NEXUS SIX** ...it's kinda hard to tell!"

OUT OF THE WAY, BLAST IT! OUT OF THE WAY!



STOP NOW, ZHORA! STOP OR YOU'RE DEAD!

"Most of the crowd didn't listen even after I fired a few rounds. Why should a fugitive replicant? I was **LOSING** her...and Detection Squad's baddest blade runner doesn't **DO** that!"



BULLPEN BULLETINS

BUON GIORNO!

That's Italian for hello, and I am Editor-in-Chief for reasonable remuneration. Recently, I spent a week in Bologna, Italy, helping to represent Marvel Comics at the Bologna Book Fair, hence the Italian salutation. Was it fun? Does Gucci make shoes? Does Marvel make spelling mistakes? You may be wondering what, exactly, a book fair is. Well, it's a gathering of publishers from all over the world at which each publishing company displays its creations hoping that companies from other countries will be interested in publishing them, too. Marvel's booth, I'm proud to say, was the busiest at the fair. My job was to show off our exciting new stuff like our Wolverine and Hercules Limited Series, which you, no doubt, have already seen the first issues of, plus our Graphic Novel line, and our upcoming adaptation of *Dark Crystal*. (Watch the Hype Box for details on these and other great things! Judging from our foreign publishers' and agents' response to what I was presenting, our new projects are the best thing since sliced bread!)

It was mostly hard work at the fair — long hours in the booth having countless meetings with publishers and agents, then more meetings at our hotel before dinner, more meetings over dinner, and still more meetings over espresso sometimes far into the night. Even with the hectic schedule, though, I still managed to find some time to explore on my own. The most interesting thing that happened was... hmmm. No, I guess I shouldn't mention that. Okay, I'll tell you the second most interesting thing that happened. I was strolling through the Piazza Maggiore in the center of the scenic old city, where you can see Etruscan ruins, Renaissance palaces, and Bologna's own majestic leaning tower, when I spied something that I relate to much better — a gleaming Ducati motorcycle parked by the curb! As I was admiring this magnificent machine, its owner, a guy about my age, appeared. Now, I don't speak any Italian beyond hello, good-bye, please, and thank you, and the Ducati owner had a similar knowledge of English, but we both spoke fluent motorcycle. We managed to while away a pleasant hour or so having quite a discussion about the value of desmodromic heads and reed-valve carburetion. Nifty bike. Nice guy. Small planet, huh?

Meanwhile, back at the fair, the item that emerged as Marvel's number one attraction was *EPIC Illustrated* magazine. The competition among foreign publishers for the rights to *EPIC* was fierce. There's a reason for that. Brace yourselves for a plug, now — *EPIC* is terrific! Even though it doesn't fall under my editorial domain, I had quite a bit to do with *EPIC*'s creation and early success, so I felt very proud of the respect and admiration it garnered overseas. Archie Goodwin, Editorial Director of *EPIC*, and Mary Jo Duffy, Associate Editor do an incredible job — and it's not going unnoticed around the world. And that was a nice tidbit to bring home to them! Goodwin's still smiling.

OR, AT LEAST, HE WAS...

...until he arrived at his new office at Marvel's new address for the first time and discovered that the carpet layers had run out of carpet by the time they got around to the *EPIC* offices! Some how-do-you-do for "the next plateau," huh? Of course, as with any large-scale move, lots of things went wrong — but all in all, things went pretty well. The new Bullpen is light and airy and bigger than the entire town of Nanty Glo, PA. We're still getting adjusted and making it into home, but generally everyone seems pleased with the new digs. Would you believe that our first housewarming card arrived at 9:15 A.M. on our first day here? It was from Mrs. Eleanor Shooter, my mother. Aww...

MOVING NOTES...

While packing, paste-up man Morrie Kuramoto turned up an old, old Marvel phone list with former Bullpenner Mario Puzo on it. We knew him when...

Naturally, before the move we had a "Farewell Old Bullpen Party" at the old place highlighted by a Pad-die-Whacker Contest — you know, those wooden paddles with rubber balls attached to them by elastic strings? Well, Vice-President Mike Hobson and I could only manage eight hits apiece and finished near the bottom. Production Veep Milt Schiffman outdid most of the young upstart Bullpenners with an im-

pressive twenty hits, but the Assistant Production Supervisor Ron Zalme whacked an incredible fifty-seven hits to win. No sooner had he claimed his prize, though, than Editor Mark Gruenwald's lovely wife, Belinda Glass, casually picked up a spare whacker and easily rattled off sixty-one!

MEANWHILE, UPSTATE...

...while Marvel was moving, ace inker, Joe Sinnott, was hard at work — coaching a basketball team! The *Marvel Comics* team (catchy name, huh?) which Joe sponsors as well as coaches, finished this season with eight wins against only two losses to take the championship of the Saugerties Athletic Association Senior Boys League! Nice work, Joe... as usual!

A CLOSING THOUGHT...

I've been getting a lot of mail lately, and that's good. Please write. All of us here love to read what you have to say about our work and life in general. You may not get a reply — in fact, you probably won't get a reply because there are too many letters, too few of us and too little time, but since I've been Editor-in-Chief, Shooter's First Law of Mail has been in effect: *All incoming mail shall be opened and read by the addressee.* That means if your letter is addressed to me, I'll open it and I'll read it. No one screens anyone's mail here and none of it is ignored. Okay? Keep in mind that comments about a particular title should be addressed to that title's lettercol, but if you've got something general to say — a comment about the covers on Editor Al Milgrom's titles, for instance — you can address your letter to Al and know he'll read it. I wanted you to know that.

Till next month.

Arrivederci!



P.S. I can't hold it back! If I don't at least mention this, I'm going to explode! Ready? The *EPIC COMICS GROUP* is coming! There. That feels better. That's all I'm allowed to say, now... but I'll be able to tell you more about it next month!



**We're getting better
all the time!**

THE HYPE BOX

KA-ZAR #19 — A bullet lodged in his brain, Ka-Zar walks the streets of New York. Bruce and Brent have gone out on a limb with this one. It's the unique brand of Ka-Zar wit and adventure, with all the possibilities of the Big Apple added in. The mixture is dynamite! And don't miss this month's wrap-around cover and off-the-wall fumetti starring the Jones kids.

MOON KNIGHT #24 — Seen BILL SIENKIEWICZ's art (pencils, inks, and tones) on this mag lately? It fairly explodes off the pages. We think Bill has broken through to a new level of storytelling artistry. Please — don't miss Moon Knight!

WHAT IF #35 — Written by FRANK MILLER. Breakdowns by FRANK MILLER. Finishes by TERRY AUSTIN. "What if *Elektra* had Lived?" Nuff said.

MARVEL SUPER SPECIAL #24: X-MEN/TEEN TITANS — This is the big one. The two groups together against Darkseid and Dark Phoenix!!! Do not miss "Apokolips... Now!" By CLAREMONT, SIMONSON and AUSTIN!

THE MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST

- ☐ **MARVEL TWO-IN-ONE #92** — The Thing and Jocasta!
- ☐ **TEAM AMERICA #5**
- ☐ **SPIDER-WOMAN #46**
- ☐ **G.I. JOE #4**
- ☐ **DAZZLER #20**
- ☐ **KA-ZAR #19**
- ☐ **DENNIS THE MENACE #12**
- ☐ **DAREDEVIL #187** — Featuring the all-new Black Widow!
- ☐ **AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #233**
- ☐ **CAPTAIN AMERICA #274**
- ☐ **THOR #324**
- ☐ **MICRONAUTS #46**
- ☐ **GHOST RIDER #73**
- ☐ **MOON KNIGHT #24**
- ☐ **HERCULES (Limited Series) #2**
- ☐ **CONAN THE MOVIE #1**
- ☐ **DR. STRANGE #55** — Art by MICHAEL GOLDEN and TERRY AUSTIN
- ☐ **WOLVERINE (Limited Series) #2**
- ☐ **INCREDIBLE HULK #276**
- ☐ **AVENGERS #224**
- ☐ **CONAN #139**
- ☐ **MARVEL TALES #144** — Reprinting *Amazing Spider-Man* #7, by LEE and DITKO
- ☐ **X-MEN #162**
- ☐ **ROM #35**
- ☐ **POWER-MAN/IRON FIST #86**
- ☐ **ANNIE #1**
- ☐ **FANTASTIC FOUR #247**
- ☐ **MARVEL TEAM-UP #122** — Spider-Man and Man-Thing!
- ☐ **IRON MAN #163**
- ☐ **PETER PARKER, THE SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN #71**
- ☐ **DEFENDERS #112**
- ☐ **STAR WARS #64**
- ☐ **MASTER OF KUNG FU #117** — The return of Fu Manchu!
- ☐ **WHAT IF #35** — "What if *Elektra* Had Lived?", written, penciled and inked by FRANK MILLER
- ☐ **BLADE RUNNER #1**

MARVEL MAGAZINES

- ☐ **CRAZY #90**
- ☐ **THE SAVAGE SWORD OF CONAN #80**

MARVEL SUPER SPECIALS

- ☐ **#24: X-MEN/TEEN TITANS** — See Hype Box.

MARVEL ANNUALS

- ☐ **INCREDIBLE HULK ANNUAL #1** — The Hulk, Spider-Man, and the Avengers vs. the Leader!
- ☐ **MARVEL TWO-IN-ONE ANNUAL #7** — The Thing, Colossus, Sasquatch, the Hulk, Thor, Wonder Man, Sub-Mariner and many more vie for the Championship of the Universe!

MARVEL GRAPHIC NOVELS

- ☐ **#3: DREADSTAR** — Continuing JIM STAR-LIN's *Metamorphosis Odyssey*.

"The car was too low. I leaped again... onto a *BUS*.
Zhora was almost to a subway entrance..."

BA-VOW!

"She died then, I suppose."

"Thanks to superior Tyrell craftsmanship, she kept running. And I kept firing. It took a plate glass window display case to *END* it..."

"In one side... out the other."

"Zhora must have been the meal ticket for Roy Batty's group. It's a tough world, even reps gotta eat. Only right then... Their meal ticket looked kinda used up."

"I wanted to be happy about it, but I had a feeling it wasn't gonna work that way. I had the feeling I was gonna get the worst case of shakes I ever had."

"The feeling didn't get better after the uniformed cops arrived to take over. Not when I turned from the scene and saw who was among the on-lookers."



RACHEL...?



"She spun away into the crowd and I started up the street after her..."



"...and found Rachel wasn't the **ONLY** unhappy witness to my night's work."

HEY!
WHAT--?



MY
PICTURES...!
YOU TRACKED
ZHORA BY USIN'
MY PICTURES,
DIDN'T YOU?
DIDN'T YOU?

"I threw a punch, but Leon was already swinging me, slamming me around into the parked garbage hauler. Over and over."

HOW OLD AM I, BLADE
RUNNER? HOW LONG DO I
HAVE TO LIVE?

F-FOUR...
FOUR
YEARS...!

MORE
THAN
YOU.



TO BE CONTINUED...